



# The Sword



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## Chapter 1 by Elias M

The Sword is bright, and radiant. It feels of elvish make but you cannot be sure. You feel the razor sharp blade as your hands brush over it. The hilt is encrusted in gems so bright they seem to glow. You swing the sword and feel it is balanced perfectly. It gives off an aura suggesting it is ancient and very magical.

## Chapter 2 by Kaitlyn Boroska



You look around the ruins, growing slightly more confident in yourself, as you turn the sword in your hand. You continue down the hallway that seemed to have been trapped in a sort of perpetual darkness, holding the sword up, and smiling ever-so-faintly at the way it bathed the entire hall in a golden glow of light. Now being able to see the things you hadn't before, you approached a chest that had been elaborately and delicately designed- it had thin, silver rune designs etched into the surface. You reach forward, touching the chest and the world goes black.

## Chapter 3 by Phantim



You wake up cold and hungry to an immeasurable amount of pain coming from your stomach. You try to reach down, but your hands are bound above your head. You try to kick, but your feet are tied to the wall behind you. You cannot see anything, all you feel is pain like something is ripping into your stomach, all you hear is horrible slurping crunching noise.

As you scream in pain your new sword begins to glow on a table nearby, illuminating the room.

Its architecture matches that of the dungeon you had been in before, however this room seems

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You want to die, you beg for death... after hours of this you finally feel the blood loss has reached its crescendo. Darkness swims in your vision and you finally pass out.

Only the next morning you wake up fully healed. Was it just a nightmare you think? You are still tied up, but upon looking down you see not a single bite mark. Then you hear a little scurrying noise and see the creature come out from the shadows. It looks at you with hollow, empty eye sockets. Then, it begins to eat you all over again. This goes on for what seems like years.

#### Chapter 4 by LethalPianist



Day after day, night after night. The eyeless goblin like creature came and tore your insides out, and ate it in front of you. You face the searing pain and the endless agony of having your guts ripped out everyday, hoping for the comfort of passing out.

You are reminded of the stories of Prometheus, and pray that another adventurer will come and free you from this torture. But no one comes. Everyday you wake up to this horror, pass out, only to wake up to it again. There was no food, no water, only pain.

One day the goblin was not there in the morning to eat you, and thus you contemplate on your situation. You think back to your friends, your family. You yearned to see your wife again, to pat your kids on the head. You struggle against the chains binding you to the wall in vain. However, you still had a bit of magic in you. You channeled your will into the only object in the room that could possibly cut through the chains: the Sword. The Sword quivered, and then moved. Slowly, but then it sped like an arrow. It stabbed into the wall right above your head, shattering the chains binding your hands.

You were free.

#### Chapter 5 by Elias M



You reach down with the last bit of strength in you and pick up the sword. It is now glowing intensely, and it feels warm to the touch. You pause to look at it once again, to see the

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the fight. You decide that you need all the help you can get, and rub the potion onto the cutting edge of the sword. Before you can fiddle around with more potions you hear the scurrying of the beast. You raise your sword, it's now or never. You see the door creak open and the beast stands there, but he holds something no someone. You gasp in horror as you see your daughter in the clutches of this fiend screaming for help. This was the final straw, you raise the fiercely gleaming sword ready to strike.

### Chapter 6 by Phantim



You feel the blade connect with the creatures body, you hear the satisfying crunch. Then suddenly your ears are assaulted by its chilling screeching noises as it cries out in pain. The creatures pulls away from your blade and begins running back towards the table full of potions, but before it can heal itself, whatever was in that black bottle you rubbed on your sword begins to take effect. The creature doubles over in pain, you see small tendrils of smoke rising up from the wound you inflicted, as the creature writhes on the ground. Though you want it to suffer, you decide to kill it quickly so you can escape before any other monster shows up. You take your blade and lop off the creatures head.

### Chapter 7 by Kaitlyn Boroska



Doubling over, your chest heaves with pants. You stand there, with your hands on your knees when a gasp escapes your throat. Your daughter was being held captive by the monster you'd just slain.

"Alia?" You croak, scanning the room for any sign of her. "Alia!" You yell louder, your voice hoarse from disuse. Straightening up, you turn your blade in your hands, unsure of how safe the area was. Though confused of the whereabouts of your daughter, you still realize that you need to keep your wits about you- anything could jump out from any corner.

But honestly, you were afraid. Having of been tortured for what seemed like days, weeks, or even months and then finally being able to confront the monster that ate you alive every night, only to fight that it held your daughter captive. only to then find your daughter no where in

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Feeling a new surge of strength at the thought of your family being in danger, you take a deep breath and delve deeper into the ruin to search for your daughter who may or may not be in mortal danger.

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